

THE QUIVER

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"Crossing the field, he saw Edward Arden and Eva together"—p. 132.

JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—EDWARD'S DISCOVERY.

THE gentle mistress of Lowfield accepted, with a flutter of pleasure, the present of her daughter's likeness, which had been so gracefully offered by Lionel Elliott. Mr. Arden was also gratified, for,

apart from its value as a striking likeness of Caroline, it was an admirably-executed work of art.

The young lady herself expressed no opinion on the subject, only smiled a half-languid depreciation

of the admiring comments which she heard lavished upon it, as though she disdained to appropriate any personal flattery conveyed through the medium of Lionel Elliott or his work. The mother was disappointed at her daughter's insensibility; and Edward, who for reasons of his own was deeply interested in the investigation, found himself hopelessly puzzled in the task which he had set himself—to discover if his sister really was as indifferent as she seemed.

The three were sitting together one evening, about a week after Lionel Elliott had left Lowfield; the conversation, which had been chiefly carried on between mother and son, had turned upon the young sculptor, from whom a letter had been received that morning.

Caroline sat nearest the window, taking no part in their talk, silent and self-engrossed, with her handsome face calm and motionless as that of a statue. Her white hands were busy in some ingenious play with a small ivory shuttle, the result being a bewildering intricacy of web-like threads that seemed to have some special attraction for masculine eyes, for Edward watched her with a persistent attention which she could not fail to notice.

"No, I don't think it's likely that Elliott will soon forget us," the young man continued, with marked emphasis on his words; "however busy he may be, I could fancy him always finding time to drop a line to Lowfield. I'm not like Hesketh, good at hitting off character, but I should say that when once Elliott takes a liking, nothing would change him, even though he knew that the persons were not worth the care he wasted on them."

While speaking, Edward still kept his gaze fixed on the figure at the window, and followed the motion of the ivory shuttle, ready to detect if his impassive listener should give the faintest sign of interest. A slight turn of the head, or the slightest cessation of the shuttle, would have been sufficient to satisfy him that she was following the conversation, and that his last words had been interpreted as he wished.

Did Caroline know that her brother had formed certain suspicions concerning herself and Lionel Elliott, and that he was even then on the watch to discover their true position towards each other, and the terms on which they had parted, and was her cold, guarded manner a part of the resistance with which she had determined to oppose his presumptuous prying into her secrets?

"I quite agree with your father," said Mrs. Arden, simply—her kind heart always rejoiced in bestowing praise; "he thinks Mr. Elliott a most deserving young man, and one who is likely to push his way in life. What a comfort he must be to his widowed mother; I could fancy her being very proud of him, as mothers generally are, especially in the case of only sons. I have heard it charged against them as a weakness, but I don't see how they can help it;"

and with this characteristic remark, the soft blue eyes beamed upon her cherished favourite with a look that was partly a confession of her own shortcoming on the score of fondness.

Edward understood it, and an involuntary impulse made him lean towards her and stroke one of her plump hands, in the half-boyish, caressing way that was habitual to him, thinking in his heart that no son was ever blessed with a more lovable mother than his own.

"I would not have her different if I could," he said, mentally. "There is my sister Carrie, handsome and clever as she is, I would not have my mother like her for the world."

It was at that moment Mrs. Arden's glance wandered towards her daughter, in whose presence she usually shrank from giving free expression to her feelings—the very dissimilarity of their natures created a want of sympathy between them on many points.

She lowered her voice as she continued the talk with her son, the theme being still their recently-departed guest, Lionel Elliott.

"Your father and I think it was such a graceful act for him to give us Carrie's likeness, as he said in the note, for a memento of his art studies at Lowfield. Only fancy him labouring in secret to prepare us that surprise! It is wonderful how he managed to hit off the likeness so correctly, for you know Carrie gave him no sittings."

"Not so wonderful," murmured Edward, half to himself; "he had learned her face by heart, as a schoolboy learns his lesson—more the pity for himself. Perhaps he may always have to regret that he ever came to Lowfield."

This speech was nearly unintelligible to Mrs. Arden, who only caught some of the words; her look was petitioning for an explanation, which he was spared the necessity of giving by the interruption of a servant bringing a message from his master requesting Mrs. Arden to go to him in the library.

She went at once, and thus it chanced that Edward found himself alone with Caroline, free to improve the occasion by a tête-à-tête if he pleased. It was not Edward's habit to deliberate long about anything—a few seconds, and he had decided how to avail himself of the chance which had fallen in his way.

"I see I must take the initiative with Caroline—force her into confidence, whether she likes it or not; I am determined to find out, if possible, whether my suspicions are true concerning her and Elliott."

These were his thoughts as he crossed to the window, and without prelude, allowing her no time to prepare against the surprise, dashed at once into the subject, saying bluntly, "Caroline, I have made a discovery about you."

She did not start nor flutter at the unexpected words; her white hands still kept up their coquetting

with the shuttle, and her manner showed the most perfect self-possession as she lifted her fine eyes to his face and answered, calmly, "Have you, Edward; what is it?"

How little did he know that it would be check and counter-check between them; that even then, when the balance of power was apparently on his side, and he was wondering to find her so subdued and meek under his hand, she was preparing to retort with the quiet little sting which she had been holding in reserve.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WITH THE FALLING LEAVES.

It was like the hush surrounding the presence of the dead, the strange sorrowful stillness that brooded over the schoolmaster's cottage that evening, in keeping with the sad grey autumn twilight, and the dropping leaves, and the sobbing wind outside the closed casements, and the soft rain that fell upon the garden mould like mourners' tears.

It was about two months after the return of Mr. Ashton from his hopeless visit to the London doctor—two months, into which brief space had been crowded much suffering and quiet endurance, both physical and mental.

Tenderly as love could do it, the news had been broken to Eva one afternoon, when they were alone together, the young girl sitting on a stool at her father's feet, her fair face half pillowed on his knee, in the old playful fashion that belonged to her childish days, with his thin, white hand resting as if in benediction on her bright young head, and his eyes looking down upon her charged with all the dumb eloquence of yearning love, heart-ache, and ever-present anxieties for her future which he could not put into words. It was that which brought a quiver to his lips as he drew her closer to him, and faltered out, in a few broken words, all that he had to tell. At first it was hard to make her realise the truth, which her mind was unable to grasp, as though the sudden shock had dulled all sense of perception and thought; but it only made the reaction more painful, and gave her keener agony when the rush of conviction swept back, and she was fully roused to a knowledge of her father's meaning. It was her first great grief, the first shadow that gloomed over her life. When her mother died, she had been little more than a baby, and could not realise her loss.

As Mr. Ashton feared, the blow had fallen heavily on the untried young heart; he knew it when he felt her soft fingers tightly interlaced in his, and heard her cry with a sob that made a painful catch in her voice, "Oh, father—father! how can I let you go?"

He saw that the trembling lips were parched as if with fever, and the great grey eyes were dry with a painful strain of despair in them. He was watching

and wishing for tears, but they did not come; for the present she was denied that merciful relief to a full heart.

He folded her in his arms and soothed her as he used in her little griefs when she was a child.

"My darling—my Eva, it is God's will; we must trust in his mercy to give us strength to bear the trial whenever it may come. Keep up your courage, for my sake and the old grandfather's; he will need to be cared for, little one."

He knew that the only effectual way to turn the current of her thoughts was by rousing her generous instincts, in forcing upon her the necessity of thinking for others.

From that night there was a change in Eva Ashton. It was to her one of the great transitions that occur in most lives. She passed suddenly from a light, careless girl, dreaming among the flowers and sunshine, to a grave, earnest-hearted woman, with her deepest feelings prematurely forced into exercise, and all a woman's capacity for enduring and suffering strong within her. That day developed in Eva a new phase of character, and those who knew her marvelled at the change. Hitherto they had only known her as a happy, impulsive child, fluttering airily about the cottage, and in the exuberance of her glad young life filling it with laughter and song. Now they saw her with the light, girlish tasks and interests silently laid aside at the call of higher duties—suddenly subdued and quiet-eyed, as became one who was taking upon herself new responsibilities, and preparing to begin in real earnest the work of life.

As time passed, bringing sad confirmation of Mr. Ashton's worst fears about himself, his young daughter elected herself his nurse, ministering to him with an untiring devotion that rapidly learned to anticipate even his slightest wants. It was touching to see her, with great wistful eyes and sweet, serious face, dividing her attention between those two whose world she filled—the failing invalid and the white-haired old man, whose fine physical strength had been undermined by the shock of grief about his son; touching also to see how the two clung to that single spar, as though it was all that remained to them on this side the grave, and how entirely they depended on her during those sad days, when clouds seemed to be shutting out all the light, and life was so full of sorrow to each one of the little household.

"In the midst of all we have great need to be thankful, father," Mr. Ashton whispered, as he leaned forward in the easy chair, where he sat propped with cushions, and let his hand rest on that of the old man. Both were looking after Eva who had gone to answer a knock at the cottage door.

"Yes, need to be thankful," he repeated, with growing fervour. "Our dear girl is proving herself strong, even where we find ourselves weak; for, in-

stead of being an anxiety to us in this time of trouble, she is our sustainer and comforter."

"Because she is hiding her own grief out of sight," put in the grandfather, hastily. "The child has made up her mind not to give way; can you guess why, Alfred?"

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Ashton, brokenly; "her love for us. It is for our sakes that she is trying to achieve this victory over herself. God bless her!"

"Her mother was a noble woman, Alfred; and Eva is growing like her. You never gave her credit for so much strength of character."

"Not until now, when it shines out like tried gold. But, hush! here she comes, and some one with her. I suppose it is Patty come back from the village. I remember she went there to do some errands."

Patty was a rosy specimen of rustic health, whom the considerate rector had transplanted from the village school to Mr. Ashton's service. On the opening of the door, he saw John Hesketh's dark face towering above Eva's head, and his broad shoulders filling up the doorway. They shook hands cordially, John hanging over his old master's chair with an emotion which he did his best to disguise, but could not. The arrangement of the cushions seemed perfect, and needed no improvement; but, as if with the desire of doing something for the invalid, the strong working hands hovered about them with gentle, aimless touches, tender enough for a woman's, as he briefly gave an explanation of his unexpected appearance. They had been put on short time, which it was expected would last through the winter. Farmer Barnes had met him by accident in town, and, chancing to hear of the short-time movement, had ended their talk by inviting him to spend some of his spare days at the farm; "and, as I knew you were ill," added John, "and I wanted to be near you, I was quite ready to take him at his word, and here I am."

At this new proof of John Hesketh's tender regard for his old master, Mr. Ashton thought again, "Oh, that some of the affection I feel towards this brave fellow could be shared and matured by Eva! But I fear this can never be now; and if this cannot be, what will be?" This latter reflection came with the recollection of what had caused him some anxiety two months back, when, crossing the field from the railway-station on his unexpected return from London, he saw Edward Arden and Eva together, and noted the exclusive attention that each gave the other, and their oblivion of the presence of old Mr. Ashton.

He knew little of Arden then, beyond the fact that he was heir of Lowfield, and he feared for his little flower, who would inherit nothing but her beauty, lest by her very simplicity she should be disinherited; for daisies are not estimated by the world at the value set upon them by their Creator.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ONLY A GLOVE.

AN awkward silence followed, which Edward seemed at a loss how to break. Caroline went coolly on with her tatting, but wondered a little at his manner—it was so unlike Edward to stand silent, like a bashful schoolboy, apparently at a loss how to dispose of his hands. She had overheard enough of his conversation with her mother to give her a clue to his thoughts, and enable her to translate for herself the meaning of the half-hints which he had dropped concerning Lionel Elliott; her intuition supplied the rest. She knew what ground he had taken up, and was already prepared against surprise.

"Carrie, I have been admiring Elliott's present to mother. It is very well done; and such a capital likeness; better than any you have yet had taken."

"Yes, I believe the likeness may be considered good, and it is to be taken for granted that the work does the sculptor credit; but I do not claim to be an efficient judge of these things."

Edward found something exasperating in the cool, quiet manner, and light, indifferent words.

Before he could reply, she went on—"I think you said just now that you had made a discovery about me; if you have changed your mind, and would rather not tell, do not trouble about it, Edward; for my curiosity is not greatly excited. I merely remind you in case you may have forgotten."

Still the same unruffled composure, so perfectly lady-like and well bred. Everything about her provoked him that evening; he felt it irritating even to follow the swift motion of the shuttle through her white fingers. She knew that he had not forgotten; he read that in her face which gave the contradiction to her words. It piqued him, and helped to overcome his hesitation. Why should he spare her who cared so little about sparing others? He was still wincing under the recollection of certain sarcastic allusions which she had occasionally made regarding his suspected fancy for Eva Ashton. Why should he not retaliate in the same strain, and try to pay her back with interest? If his feelings on the subject had been carefully analysed, it would, perhaps, have been found that resentment on his own account had something to do with the kind of surveillance under which he had placed his sister's words and actions with regard to Lionel Elliott, and that it entered largely into the energy with which he had set himself to make discoveries.

He began abruptly: "I dare say you will think I have no right to meddle, Carrie; it is no business of mine, but I took a fancy to Lionel Elliott from the first, and when I like people I can't help taking an interest in them and their concerns, and—"

He stopped. Caroline's busy hands were still for an instant, and he noticed a little defiant gesture as she said—giving him a quick gleam of inquiry from

her dark eyes, "My dear Edward, excuse me, but I cannot follow your association of ideas, or understand why you take the trouble to entertain me with this information about your fancies. You are at liberty to take as much interest as you please in Mr. Elliott, or any other gentleman of your acquaintance. I can have no objection as to whom you may honour in that way, but it is no concern of mine."

She smiled as she met her brother's look of surprise. He had not expected such an answer even from Caroline.

No concern of hers! was it possible that he had been following a myth, misleading himself with fancies which had no foundation except in his own mind: and was there, after all, nothing between these two beyond the commonplace regard of mere acquaintance? If that were true, how sadly his judgment had erred, and what injustice he had unconsciously done Caroline. But recollecting various little incidents that occurred during Lionel's visit, and which had seemed to him at the time full of significance, his mind again wavered in doubt about the truth: for there had not been wanting certain signs in Caroline's treatment of the young sculptor which had often seemed to warrant his suspicion, that she was not at heart as indifferent as she chose to appear; as an example, the brother would have quoted her strange embarrassment at the unexpected encounter with Lionel on the morning when he interrupted their tête-à-tête in the garden. It was characteristic of him to make a bold effort to cut the knot of his perplexity; he had made up his mind to know the truth, and for that reason had determined that his sister should not escape the probe. It did not belong to Edward Arden's quality of mind to be over-fastidious or sensitive about the manner employed; he was not acted upon by any of the delicate scruples which would have made John Hesketh hold himself aloof from an unwilling confidence.

"I tell you what, Carrie, it just amounts to this—that you are either a first-rate actress or I am a stupid blunderer. You don't understand why I take the trouble to entertain you with information about my fancies, as you call them; by the same rule I don't understand why you talk so slightly about Lionel Elliott, especially since he has left Lowfield. Even about this likeness of yours, I notice that you never seem pleased, or join in the praise that others give him. It's not the thing, Carrie; Elliott doesn't deserve it from any of us, but least of all from you."

"Indeed, my sage brother; may I ask why you make a point of individualising me?"

"Because you have chosen to give him the cold shoulder, and I know *your* indifference will be more felt by him than that of anybody else in the house. There, Carrie, that leads up to what I want to say: Lionel Elliott likes you too much for his own

sake, I am afraid, and his coming to Lowfield may prove a cross in his life."

At last she was moved beyond her power of self-control and self-disguise; the shuttle dropped from her fingers, and her face whitened as she said excitedly, "I don't thank you for making me the subject of such speculations, Edward; why do you let your thoughts run on such things, and what induced you to communicate them to me?"

"Because it is my way to speak out, especially when a thing keeps hanging on my mind; I said I liked Lionel Elliott, and I am sorry for him."

"Indeed, it never occurred to me that there was anything about Mr. Elliott likely to make him an object of pity."

This was spoken with an attempt at a smile, but it did not succeed in veiling her annoyance, and the perfectly modulated voice had an unpleasant, derisive ring that struck painfully on Edward's ears. There were times when her manner would have effectually silenced him, and he would have shrunk from saying or doing anything to offend her, and turn against himself the keen edge of her satire. But latterly her influence over him had been gradually weakening, and that evening he seemed to have entirely cast aside his fear of her. His answer was something in her own vein.

"You take my words in a wrong sense, Caroline. I don't mean an object of pity, for that sounds something humiliating, I only say that I'm sorry for Lionel Elliott, as I should be for any fellow in whom I took an interest, if I saw him in danger of giving away his heart to be a woman's plaything."

His words told even more forcibly than he had anticipated; he knew it by the passionate rush of colour to Caroline's face and the angry sparkle in her eyes as she said, "Edward, I gave you credit for more common sense; how can you let your talk run to such absurd lengths? I should blame myself if I listened to any more of your extravagant nonsense; pray do not again mention Mr. Elliott's name in the same way, at least not in my hearing, for if you have such a fund of superfluous sympathy to expend upon the sorrows of your friends, there is no reason why you should inflict it upon me; and as far as Mr. Elliott and myself are concerned, I wish you to understand distinctly that he is nothing more to me than any other acquaintance whom papa may please to receive in his house as a guest."

Edward gave her a searching look which was perhaps more exasperating than words, for she detected in it what her proud spirit could ill brook—compassion towards herself.

Was it possible that this brother, of whose intelligence she had never formed a high estimate, could know her better than she knew herself? had he looked behind the veil and read what she shrank from acknowledging even to her own heart?

"Oh, Carrie!" he burst out impulsively, "if it is pride that makes you say all this, think twice about it, for it is not every day that a true heart is laid at a girl's feet. Elliott loves you, and you know it: that is the discovery which I made for myself."

She heard him patiently to the end, but her head was still thrown defiantly back, and there was no softening in the eyes that met his, no yielding line about the mouth to tell that he had impressed her, and when she spoke, even her voice had not lost its mocking ring.

"I have given you my answer, Edward, and I think you know that I am no waverer: and now, as a return for your brotherly solicitude about me, I advise you to be careful that you do not have *your* heart made a woman's plaything, the fate which you seem to apprehend for your friend Mr. Elliott. Believe me, that kind of pastime is not confined to any class, for even the schoolmaster's daughter, your present model of perfection, may not be unwilling to amuse herself in that way."

Edward's tell-tale face flushed at this allusion. He spoke with energy:—

"If you allude to Eva Ashton, I say you are under a mistake, Carrie; she is too fresh and simple to descend to any such arts."

"Ah! well, that may be your opinion; but I differ from you, for I think she has already taken initiatory lessons, and was practising on John Hesketh the day that I saw them together in the town. It was the last day of my visit to Mrs. Walford, and we were out driving; I intended telling you before, but have not had an opportunity. Of course it was nothing, but to any one who makes use of their eyes something may be learnt even from watching how a young man takes care of a girl in a public thoroughfare. You see, Edward, while you were pursuing

your discoveries, I was equally busy on my own account; we both seem to have a taste for investigation."

He did not notice her last words; a new subject was engrossing his thoughts. He followed up with a string of eager questions, to which she replied with provoking carelessness. She was satisfied that her point was gained. The little seed thrown in at random had already taken root.

When her brother left her it was to pass a miserably restless hour, pacing the garden and torturing himself with all kinds of strange surmises about Eva Ashton and John Hesketh, an association of names that perplexed and troubled him.

And his sister, what would have been his thoughts if he had seen her that night—no longer the Caroline Arden who had carried on that pitiless word-fencing with him, but a very woman crouched down beside her bed, with bent head and buried face, raining passionate tears over something which she held tightly clasped in her hand? Only a glove, half worn and faded, apparently a worthless trifle to be wept over with such emotion, but it told a story of its own. It had belonged to Lionel Elliott, and had been accidentally dropped by him on the day of his departure from Lowfield. Found and appropriated with jealous eagerness, and guarded in secret as a precious relic, that glove was a mute witness of the battle going on unsuspected in one proud heart.

That was Caroline Arden's secret. She had given her heart to the young sculptor, and it was full of yearning tenderness for him, even while her tongue spoke so calmly the sentence of separation, and she had ruthlessly immolated her life's love, a sacrifice to the worldly ambition which had made her its slave.

(To be continued.)

THE FEET OF JESUS.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER II.—THE FEET OF CHRIST THE PLACE FOR PERSONAL MINISTRATION.

"And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment."—Luke vii. 37, 38.



If man had been informed by God that he was about to reveal his only Son to the world, and had been asked what form this revelation should take, there is little doubt what his answer would have been. He would have said, "As the Son of God, it is meet that he should appear in great glory; a throne must be his seat, legions of angels his attendants; the music of heaven must float around him, the radiance of heaven beam from him; the eye without shading should not be able

to look upon him, nor the knee without trembling to stand before him."

But the ways of God are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts like ours: and so, before he gives us a revelation of his Son in glory, with a countenance shining as the sun in his strength, with a head glorious with many crowns, and feet like unto fine brass, as though they burned in a furnace, he presents him to us with a visage marred more than any man's; with head unpillowed and with feet unwashed.

For this, so unexpected an appearance—so low an abasement of the Son of God, there must have been deep reasons in his Father's mind. Some of these we ourselves can see; and such divide themselves into two classes—those which belonged to his humiliation as necessary for the atonement; and those which have to do with us in our feeling and communion with God, and practical spiritual life—internally in our thoughts, externally in our acts.

How would it have been with us, if we had not seen Christ, as it were, from head to foot as he is revealed to us in the history of his life on earth—in the very fulness of his human nature? We never could have gone out to him in our human nature. We might have taken off our shoes and worshipped where his feet had trodden, for it was holy ground; but we could never have walked with him; we should have considered what was essentially human in us too small to come into contact with what was essentially and wholly Divine—with what was so great. The confidings of our human nature would have been all pent in. We should have been frightened to go with many a tale which we can now tell without fear. But why is it thus now, when his last appearance, as given in the Revelation, is so grand? Because many thorns preceded the many crowns, and weariness and neglect were the portion of those feet, which having passed heaven's threshold in triumph, now burn like fine brass.

Nor could we have believed in Christ's sympathy as we do now, our dull hearts would not have been so assured of his feeling for us, unless we knew that he also had felt trials like our own.

Nor could we have offered sympathy, as in the person of his people we can now. What a wonderful thought this is! God in Christ desires human sympathies; he has so arranged that these sympathies are possible, that they can reach him—that we may offer him our feelings, and he has given us the privilege of solidifying our feelings. This poor woman's offering to the feet of Jesus—her tears and ointment, and that lowly ministry of her hair, became, so to speak, solidified; the Jesus who turned water into wine has made them shine with a resplendent light for his Church through many ages.

God loves to embody his thoughts; they are so embodied in countless forms of beauty around us. He embodied them pre-eminently in Christ, and he wills that we should embody our sympathies with Jesus. Therefore let us do as this woman did—let us not merely talk and look, but do. He who sympathises practically with the lowly ones of Christ, or with the small and worrying troubles of even the smallest of his people; does so with his feet—they wash, they wipe, they anoint, they kiss.

The activities of practical Christian life are constructed and based upon, and energised by, the personality of Jesus. Everywhere we are met by "the man Christ Jesus." Mere dreams and sentiments take flight before a substantial Christ. If only we will see it, he is still in our midst. Take him away, and our spiritual life will be divested of a central, moving figure—one whose life on earth, as well as whose glory in heaven, his Father means ever to be before us.

And so, we might go on with many other evils which would happen, if we had not as a Christ one who with human feet walked the same earth as we do, and whose feet were ministered to with such acceptance as we find here.

Thus keeping before us the person of Jesus, we also may in our measure realise the apostle's words—"That which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life."

Let us do all things so personally to Christ—let us hear his voice saying so plainly, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," that we may indeed be able to take up those words and say, "What we have seen, looked upon, handled of the Word of life."

A large subject is embraced here, but we shall confine ourselves to the Feet of Christ as the place of personal ministration.

Let us mark here the cumulative or heaped-up nature of this woman's service. There was washing, wiping, kissing, anointing. It is like a cluster of diamonds in a single ring, like many fruits on one bough.

And the first thought which strikes us concerning it is a sorrowful one; it is the difference between this woman's cumulative service, and the poor, and often grudging service, which we offer. We look upon service too often as under law—that we are commanded to do this and that; it becomes the fulfilment of law and nothing more. And so it comes to pass that, much of our service becomes grudging or of necessity, and inquires not "how much can be given," but "what will be enough," "what will barely do." The hardness which belongs to law enters into this service; and like all our attempts at law-keeping, it falls short.

But this woman's service was under no law. She was not even under the unwritten law of hospitality; it was not in her house that Jesus was. This service was the representative not of law, but love; and in love it found a motive power, which law never could have supplied.

Let us aim at cumulative service—to do much to Christ, for in doing it for him we do it to him. And let us remember that this service will not be noted merely in the mass, God will separate it into its component parts. Each specific good thing

will be noted. God will unwind the golden thread into its various strands; he will pass the ray beneath a prism, which will divide it into many hues.

We take things in the lump; our grossness, our want of memory, our imperfect power of perception, all conduce to this; but God is too exact not to note the parts which make up the whole.

If we pay a visit to the sick for his sake, he notes all the component parts of that visit—the cheery word we uttered, the tone in which it was spoken; the gentle touch of the sick one's hand; the patient silence while listening to complaints, the loving craft by which we sought to while away the afflicted one from himself. In our mind—it may be, in the sick one's mind—we paid a visit, and that was all; but God knows what there was in that visit, and he counts it all up and records it, even as he does the washing, wiping, kissing, and anointing here.

The feet of Christ were the recipients of cumulative love service; and what encouragement is there here to those who are diffident about aiming high. The feet, at least, are open to them; they may pour out all their fulness upon what is very lowly, yet belonging to Christ. The lowliest object may be the recipient of cumulative service. Jesus himself took care to point this out when he said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

There is also a certain perfection in this service which the reader is invited to observe. There was washing and wiping. This was no half—no unfinished service, but one altogether perfect in its kind. The wiping was the needed sequence of the washing; and it is forthcoming, and that with no diminution of love's intensity; there were tears wherewith to wash, there was hair wherewith to wipe.

One fact which strikes us here is, the continued strength or energy of this service; the ministry of the tears of her eyes is immediately followed by that of the hair of her head. Surely this woman's hair and tears have a voice for us. When we put our service by the side of hers we are reminded how often we diminish, how often we leave unfinished, how often we think we have done enough, when there plainly remains yet more to be done.

Some of the most beautiful services in God's eyes are probably so from their perfection and not their extent. God loves what is perfect in its kind. Its kind may be very lowly. He himself has made a great many very lowly things—little flowers and insects which make no pretension to being otherwise than lowly; but when he had seen everything that he had made, he pronounced it to be "very good;" but lowliness of position and perfection of kind may go together.

It is a sign of a perfect workman not to leave anything unfinished; and Love should be of all workers the most perfect.

But there was another element of perfection in this ministry to the feet of Jesus. She gave not only herself but hers—after washing, wiping, and kissing, all three as it were givings of her very self, she anointed with the ointment from the alabaster box.

There were three personal services—services of herself—before there was the giving of substance. The ointment was very precious, but it did not weigh down what had gone before.

It might be said, service can be recognised in the washing and wiping; but what service was there in the kissing? The answer is that a kiss is a service of love—a performance of the lip on behalf of the heart; the heart feeling that it must do something to show its love, and the lip lending it its aid. This woman probably uttered not a word during all this process of love—let it not be considered a contradiction in terms, that her kiss was the voice of voiceless love.

From the position in which the mention of her kissing Jesus's feet is found—midway between the two ministries of the washing and wiping, and the anointing, a thought arises with reference to our own personal feeling in service. It must needs have been that that worshipping woman had herself some of the enjoyment of love's sweetness and refreshment when she kissed those feet of Jesus. It is no irreverence, but strictly within the probability of things, to believe that an ineffable sense of happiness passed through her, as she thus vented upon the honoured feet of Jesus her adoring love.

I accept with comfort the suggestion which hereon rises in my mind. I say, "There is to be happiness for the server in his service, as well as honour for the served one, in being served."

And, reader, seek to enjoy this privilege. Do not argue against yourself and say, "How can there be any happiness where there are tears?" Ah! some of the most delicately-shaded happiness is found amid tears. There are flowers which are obliged to hang down their heads by reason of the heavy showers, but their perfume has not gone.

Seek for personal happiness when rendering to Jesus personal service; seek for refreshment to your own soul, when refreshing his people—*i.e.*, himself.

Let us bracket kissing and anointing together, as we did washing and wiping; the one was a true symbol, the other a costly and substantial reality of love. Kisses may be poor things like Orpah's, or deceitful like Judas's; but when the kiss and the fatted calf go together—the kiss and the ointment—there is no mistake; the first



"Midst the black trunks of the funereal pines
The shade lay deep"—p. 138.

two are given freely to us, the second let us give in turn.

But let us return more immediately for a moment from this ministering woman to the feet which were ministered unto. All was lavished upon the least, as it were of Jesus—upon his feet.

How often we think that only the head, some great cause of Jesus, or enterprise for him can be worthily served by our greatest; but we are thus underrating the least of his, overrating the greatest of ours.

The feet of Jesus had here a great capacity for absorbing service, the washing, wiping, kissing, anointing, were all accepted and appreciated.

We know that the very head of Jesus may be anointed—that he graciously places it within our reach; that what may be called great enterprises for him may be undertaken; but for the most part we have to do with the feet.

Let not the reader, then, sigh after great spheres of service, or want great outvents for love to his Saviour. He that is untrue in the least would be also untrue in the greatest; he who neglects the feet would neglect the head. Amid the dust-soiled, the wayworn, and the neglected will be found recipients capable of absorbing all the service that we can give. Like the feet of Jesus, they lie within our reach; it is only meet that the lowest and the least of God's should be able to absorb the greatest and the best of ours. It will be a great encouragement to us in our ministerings amongst humble persons, or in doing humble

offices, to remember that they actually have a capacity for swallowing up our utmost efforts—they are big enough for the most that we can do.

From amongst many others which lie to hand, let us just take one point more for a moment's thought.

What shall we do with our tears? The world is full of tears, and many of them are wasted. Now there should be no waste of anything, and tears are not intended to be spilt upon the ground. The Psalmist knew that God valued tears when he said, "Put my tears into thy bottle."

Tears are to be brought into connection with Jesus. The tears which touched the feet, thrilled through the being of the Lord. We may hold back, thinking that we cannot reach the heart of Christ; but let us touch him anywhere, his whole being is sensitive, he will soon say, "Somebody, something hath touched me."


And now, lastly, let those who read these lines make up for the neglect of duty by others by the exuberance and fulness of their own love.

Simon's duty in common hospitality was to have given Jesus water for his feet. He gave it not; but this woman supplied its place with tears.

May we have the love which will supply the deficiencies even of those who profess to entertain the Lord. The closest personal services done to him—those which will gain most place in that history which is for eternity—are those, not of duty, but of love; and many of them done, as it were, only to the "Feet of Jesus."

PRIMAVERA.

I.—IN THE WOODLANDS.

O whisper in the forest;—not a sound.
The earth lay dark in shade, but in
the sky
Burned the calm splendour of the setting
sun.

Midst the black trunks of the funereal pines
The shade lay deep, and round about them clung
The last dead leaves of the departed year,
Like vanished hopes, wet with life's bitter tears.
But, on their topmost branches, from the sky
Fell the pure splendour of the setting sun,
As if to teach, that from earth's saddest gloom
We too may rise into the calm of heaven
And rest for ever there.

The holy light
E'en on the sad boughs of the "weeping oak"
Fell like a benediction. As we stood
Rapt, awe-struck by the sense of Nature's peace,
From the deep forest came the cuckoo's note
Breaking the spell of silence;—whispering

Of spring and hope and joy; and that for us,
Strangers and travellers in a foreign land,
There bloomed a home "eternal in the heavens."

II.—MUSIC.

We stood not now within the forest's shade—
Silent and calm, like some meek saint in prayer,
And hushed, as, with her finger on her lip,
A loving mother guards her sleeping child—
But in a crowd, and our full hearts were stirred
Not now, as then, by silence, but by sound.
For the great soul of Beethoven swept forth
In sounds that seemed the utterance of a god.
And, as the wild and stormy chords were hushed,
A strain of sweetest melody arose
That calmed our hearts like that "still voice" first
heard
After the fire, the earthquake, and the storm.
I looked upon my dear one's tranquil face,
And, as the tide of music rose and fell,
Saw its full power and beauty, heavenly bright,

Mirrored within the clear depths of her eyes
Like moonbeams on dark waters. As we took
Our homeward path 'neath the calm, steadfast stars;
Each felt that the rich music we had heard
Was a fit sequel to the forest scene,

And that the mighty German's heaven-taught art
But told the same great truth as spring's sweet bird,
Of joy and peace, triumphant o'er our pain,
Rising, like music, from the plains of earth,
To find its echo in the vault of heaven!

E. V. J. S.

UNION OF TUNES WITH HYMNS.



THE importance of singing as an acceptable mode of worship was clearly recognised in Old Testament times, and the Scriptures abound with instances in which large trained choirs took part in its performance. Long before the Mosaic times we are told of social customs which show that at that early period instrumental as well as vocal music was common among the people. Laban would have sent Jacob away "with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp." In the days of Job the people were wont "to take the timbrel and the harp, and to rejoice at the sound of the organ." When Israel rejoiced in delivery from Egypt, the first act of the nation was to dedicate to "Him who had triumphed gloriously," their musical talents, by singing that magnificent song divinely inspired and adapted to the musical knowledge of the people. Later on, when the arrangements for the Temple service were made, commandments and laws were given for the regulation of the psalmody as well defined as those for the observance of other spiritual exercises. Four thousand were appointed to praise the Lord with instruments (1 Chron. xiii. 5); there were "the singing men and the singing women" and these "all waited in their office according to their order." From this time, all through the history of the Church, we find the subject of psalmody holding a prominent and influential place in the service of God.

We are apt to think of such service, however, as being mere recitative or intonation, not the cultivated science of song. This is clearly a mistake, as a careful reading of the Scriptures will show. "The effect of some of the psalms in the Temple service," says a modern writer, "must have been immense. Sung by numbers carefully 'instructed' (1 Chron. xxv. 7), and accompanied by those who could play 'skilfully' (Ps. xxxiii. 3), arranged in parts for 'courses' (Ezra iii. 11), and individuals who answered each other (Isa. vi. 3) in alternate verse; various voices, single or combined, being 'lifted up' sometimes in specific and personal expression, as the high service deepened and advanced; priests, Levites, the monarch, the multitude (Ps. cxviii. throughout). There would be every variety of 'pleasant movement,' and all the forms and forces of sound—personal

recitative; individual song; choral and semi-choral antiphonal response; burst and swell of voices and instruments; alternated cadence; apostrophe and repeat; united, full, harmonious combinations."

Instances might be quoted to prove that in the synagogue and Temple worship in the time of our Lord, refined and highly-musical talent was still employed and sanctified by Him whose custom it was to attend the services there. And last of all the apostles enjoin upon Christians the duty of praising God in song, and tell us of the supernatural gift bestowed upon the early Church, by which they were able spontaneously to "teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

The question arises, how has it come about that in the Church of later days, although the science of music has been so elaborately cultivated, it has, until within a comparatively recent date, never been dedicated to the service of God in the sanctuary? Some who read this page may remember the time when they sat in the high-backed pews and watched the process of psalmody. How the first verse of one of Tate and Brady's hymns was read, and how the parish clerk would lead the same with a pitchpipe, and the congregation drearily and drowsily, one after another, began to fall into the tune, but with voices shaky and uncertain, as though they had come through rams' horns, and it will be pleasurable to them to contrast it with the church psalmody of to-day, when the congregation led by the skilfully-played organ, sustain the parts written in the score, and render more worthily "the praise due unto His name."

It would be impossible in the space allotted to us to trace the history of the decline and resuscitation of church music; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with merely glancing rapidly at some of the changes which have taken place, and the persons who have assisted in effecting those changes.

For the first five or six ages of the Church the singing in religious worship consisted mainly of chants sung either in unison or in octaves. It was not sufficient, however, to express all that was deemed necessary to be sung, and we find—A.D. 500—Gregory uttering his protest against the light music which was creeping into the Church,

and himself endeavouring to meet the need of the people by arranging music, the main characteristics of which should be "simplicity and gravity."

In the time of Henry II. psalm-singing was "the fashion." Everybody took up his psalm, as the Maories take up a proverb and make it suit every occasion—sometimes relevantly, sometimes not. It is recorded of that monarch that his favourite song as he rode to the chase was, "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks."

The progress in sacred verse was more rapid than the progress in sacred music, and there are many stories told of how the Church was scandalised by "certain lewd airs" which accompanied sacred words. Antony of Navarre was wont to sing his favourite psalm, "Stand up, O Lord, revenge my wrongs," to the tune of a dance of Poitou. But the time was looked forward to when music should enter into the daily life of the people, and its influence has been thus pictured by Marot:

"Thrice happy they who may behold,
And listen in that age of gold,
As by the plough the labourer stays,
And carman mid the public ways,
And tradesman in his shop shall swell
Their voice in psalm or canticle,
Singing to solace toil. Again,
From woods shall come a sweeter strain—
Shepherd and shepherdess shall vie
In many a tender psalmody,
And the Creator's name prolong,
As rook and stream return their song."

By the time Edward VI. was upon the throne tunes of a most elaborate kind had become common in the Church, insomuch that the matter was brought under the notice of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the ecclesiastical laws. And this is how the matter was regarded: "All wise and sober persons do find fault when the psalmody which is recommended by the practice of Christ and his apostles does sensibly pass further into art than into religion, and serves pleasure more than devotion; when it recedes from that native simplicity and gravity which served the affections and holy aspirations of so many ages of the Church, when it is so conducted that it shall not be for edification; that is, when it is so made accurate and curious that none can join in it but musicians; and they also are not so recitative, they do not sing and express the words so plainly that they which hear do understand, for by this means the greatest benefit and use of edification is lost."

Few agencies were more powerful in carrying the doctrines of the Reformation into the daily life of the people than psalmody. Even Calvin, "the solemn, austere Calvin," adopted the singing in preference to the reading of the Psalms. And though it was perhaps thought strange that he who was so strong against all artificial aids to devotion, and who waged war with statuary and

painting, should have adopted singing, yet it showed that he knew how to reach men's hearts and stir them into emotion. Cromwell did not think it well "for the devil to have all the good tunes," and he gave full encouragement to the singing of hymns to popular airs, or, as Shakespeare says, "singing psalms to hornpipes."

Baxter endeavoured to meet the difficulty arising from a lack of tunes to suit the hymns, which were becoming in every age more numerous, by inserting certain words in the composition of his verses which would swell the hymn out to a long metre, or by omitting them would diminish it to a common metre!

Steadily, however, with the increase of hymns came the increase of tunes, and our hymn-writers contributed not a little to this result. It is pleasant to think of those who wedded voice with verse, and loved to raise their song to Him who rejoices over His own "with singing." There was good Dr. Donne, whose delight was to wander in St. Paul's Church and listen to the strains of the organ, and find that as the sounds entered his ears, musical and poetical thoughts came into his mind. He caused the following exquisite hymn "to be set to a grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ by the choristers at St. Paul's Church in his own hearing, especially at the evening service."

"HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

"Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

"Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

"I have a sin of fear, that when I've run
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine, as He shines now and heretofore;
And having done that Thou hast done;
I fear no more."

Surely good, loving George Herbert, who died with a song almost on his lips and a lute in his hand, was a lover of music. His whole life was a song. Hear how his biographer describes his devotional life: "He, being accompanied with most of his family, did use to read the common prayers (for he was a deacon) every day at the appointed hours of ten and four in the parish church, which was very near his house; . . . and he did also constantly read the mattins every morning at the hour of six, either in the church or in an oratory which was within his own house, and many of his family did there continue with him after the prayers were ended, and there they spent

some hours in singing hymns or anthems, sometimes in the church, and often to an organ in the oratory. And there they sometimes betook themselves to meditate, or to pray privately, or to read a part of the New Testament to themselves, or to continue their praying or reading the Psalms; and in case the songs were not always read in the day, then Mr. Farrer and others of the congregation did at night, at the ring of a watchbell, repair to the church or oratory and there betake themselves to prayers, and lauding God, and reading the Psalms that had not been read in the day; and when these, or any part of the congregation grew faint or weary, the watchbell was rung, sometimes before and sometimes after midnight, and then another part of the family arose and maintained the watch, sometimes by praying or singing lauds to God or reading the Psalms, and when after some few hours they grew faint or weary, they rung the watchbell, and were also relieved by some of the former, or by a new part of the society which continued their devotions (as hath been mentioned) until morning. And it is to be noted that in this continual serving of God, the Psalter, or whole Book of Psalms, was, in every four-and-twenty hours, sung or read over from the first to the last verse, and this was done so constantly as the sun runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again the same instant that it ended."

Very often good George Herbert "did wear his singing garments." Never was he more happy than when he sat in the cathedral church at Salisbury listening to the choral service, or, taking his lute or viol, repaired to his private cratory, where he exercised "that art in which he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems." "It was his heaven upon earth," he used to say, and perhaps the service of song in which he is engaged to-day is not so very different from that which made Bemerton and Salisbury so dear to him.

Would Milton ever have written such poetry as he did if he had not from childhood listened to the sounds of the organ which his father played? "Those organ sounds," says a modern writer, "he has taken for the very breath of his speech, and articulated them."

Bishop Ken was a great lover of music, and was a skilful player on the organ and the lute. He generally commenced the day with—

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run," &c.,

accompanying himself on the lute; and when the day so crowded with incidents and full of activity was over, he would sit down to the organ and sing the hymn which he has left as the nightly prayer for myriads of families:

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night," &c.

The Wesleys were a musical family. It entered into the happiness of their everyday life. Perhaps they inherited it from their mother, Susanna Wesley, who, as she lay dying, called her children round her, and said, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a song of praise to God." And when John had commended her spirit to Him who gave it, and the mother to whom they were so tenderly attached fell asleep in Jesus, the children did as she had bidden them, and sang through their tears:

"Hosanna to Jesus on high!
Another has entered her rest;
Another has 'scaped to the sky,
And lodged in Immanuel's breast.
The soul of our mother is gone
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasped in the arms of His love."

John Wesley looked upon singing as a very needful thing, and he did everything in his power to encourage it. He published a collection of tunes, and wherever he went he was the means of introducing them for the use of his followers. As psalm-singing assisted the Reformation, so it aided in the great revival of religion during the ministry of the Wesleys and Whitefield. And in many parts of the country—Cornwall, to wit—"the good old Wesleyan tunes," all runs and flourishes, with rattling choruses, may be heard to this day. John Wesley, however, was a true lover of good music; he delighted in the choruses of Handel; and often he would steal into cathedrals to listen to the organ, and would be moved to tears at the solemn wail of some funeral dirge, or excited to delight by the stirring sounds of martial strains. One of his converts was John Frederick Lampe, a celebrated German musician. He renounced infidelity, renounced his theatrical engagements, and devoted his fine musical talents to the service of God.

Those must have been delightful evenings spent at the house of Mrs. Rich. She was, before her conversion, an actress, and her husband the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre. Her daughters were instructed in music by Handel, the great composer, and of one of them Charles Wesley said, "She is the greatest miracle of all accomplishments, both of mind and body, that I have ever seen." And at her house John and Charles Wesley spent many happy hours, in company with Handel and Lampe. Perhaps those MSS. in Handel's handwriting in the Cambridge University were written during these hours; at all events, they are MSS. of tunes composed expressly for Charles Wesley's hymns, and amongst them are:—

"Sinners, obey the Gospel word."

"O love divine, how sweet thou art!"

and—

"Rejoice, the Lord is King!"

Charles Wesley, in an elegy on the death of Dr. Boyce, speaks of the worship among the redeemed in the heavenly city, and refers to—

"That warbling choir
Where *Handel* strikes the golden strings,
And pensive angels strike their wings."

A good story is told illustrative of the keen, quick ear of Charles Wesley. Just as he was commencing an out-door service with a hymn, a number of half-drunken sailors joined the company and struck up a song called "Nancy Dawson." The hymn was drowned, but Charles was not to be beaten. A hymn was instantly composed, and at the very next service, when his blue-jacket friends were ready to repeat their coarse opposition, he gave out:—

"Listed into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too oft has been
Pressed to obey the devil:
Drunkon, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flowed to the soul's undoing;
Widened and strewed with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.

* * * * *

"Jesus the soul of music is,
His is the noblest passion;
Jesus's name is joy and peace,
Happiness and salvation:
Jesus's name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven."

There are seven stanzas to the hymn. The tune for "Nancy Dawson" was instantly set to these cheery and telling lines, and the poor mariners finding "all the wind taken out of their sails," gave up the contest as hopeless, and allowed him to finish the service in peace.*

* Kirk's Charles Wesley, quoted in "Anecdotes of the Wesleys."

We must not stay to tell of the friend and companion of Wesley, Thomas Olivers, who wrote so many good hymns, and composed so many good tunes, especially "Helmshley" which is always associated with—

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending."

Nor of Edward Perronet, who wrote the hymn—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

and left a large legacy to Shrubsole, who composed the tune "Mile's Lane," usually sung to that hymn. Nor of the energetic Thomas Haweis, who, in the preface to his hymn-book, exclaims against the "shameful mode of psalmody now," (1808) "almost confined to the wretched solo of a parish clerk, or to a few persons huddled together in one corner of the church who sing to the praise and glory of themselves, for the entertainment, or often for the weariness, of the rest of the congregation—an absurdity too glaring to be overlooked, and too shocking to be ridiculous."

No, time would fail to tell of those who have sought to wed voice and verse; of those who have helped to make the service of song a delight in the public sanctuary, and perhaps still more so in the sanctuary of home.

Thank God for the sweet singers who have left so many rich and precious legacies to the Church; and thank God for the "skilful players" who have enshrined these legacies in tunes for the "full-voiced choir" of the Church to present to Him to whom all praise is due. Very pleasant is it to join in sacred harmonies here; "ear hath not heard" what it will be to join in the music of the upper chamber of God's house, but we know "as well the singers as the players on instruments will be there."

KNIGHTS, ENCHANTERS, AND GIANTS.



HENRY RUSSELL and his elder brother Tom were both at home—Henry from school, Tom from Cambridge, where he was reading for a profession. Tom, though a careful student, was also something of an athlete: he had once thrashed a coal-heaver soundly, for pulling a child's ears cruelly, by way of sport.

Tom said, "Sport, you call it! well, if *that* be your sport, *this* is mine," and gave him enough of it.

Henry, on the contrary, was a quiet, sickly lad, fond of reading stories, and perhaps a little given to moping. On the second week of their midsummer holidays, Tom found this young brother of his in the orchard, lost in a volume of poetry.

"Well, Harry," said Tom, "what are you dreaming of just now?"

"Dreaming, sure enough, my brother. I was wishing to be a knight, and fight tyrants and burn their castles; or a good enchanter, and fight bad ones; or to be as strong and big as a giant, and help sick people and children. Don't laugh. I know it's very foolish, but you that are big and strong have no idea of the wretchedness of being weak" and the tears stood in the poor boy's blue eyes.

Tom was far enough from laughing. "My dear boy," he said, laying his strong hand upon his brother's shoulder, "I think you are quite right. I mean to be all the things you have mentioned—every one of them, and you ought to be the same; only we must take our time. Even giants have to grow, and when they are babies they are no bigger than common men; and enchanters have to learn their charms, you know, and very hard work it is:

and so I am content to be little more than a knight yet, but soon I mean to be a great enchanter."

Now Harry was both bright and thoughtful, and he saw in a moment what his brother meant.

"My dear Tom," said he, "you do talk in the queerest way. I love to hear you making everything so bright and noble, and taking away the stupid matter-of-fact humdrum look of things. Are you going to fish?"

"What has that to do with it, youngster?"

"Only just that I wish some time, when it suits you, you would sit down for half an hour and tell me your notion of giants and such-like things."

"Now suits me best, Harry; who knows whether there will ever be another now? Will you ask me questions, or will you sit and listen?"

"I'll sit still, Tom; go ahead; be a book, and go your own way; or preach, and I'll hear your first sermon patiently."

"Very well. I'm a book getting read. Here is Chapter One—

"No respectable giant will take pride in trampling upon small folk. It is not out of mere laziness one wants to be ten feet high, nor for the fun of doing the same things as a dwarf, only with less trouble and less thanks. I want to take as much pains as ever, to work as hard as ever, to have as much suspense as ever as to whether I can get through my task well. It is no fun now to be able to lift a chair, though when I was a child I wanted to be a man for the sake of doing that. The fun is in jumping a five-barred gate on a hunter. When I turn into a giant, the fun will be in doing with much trouble things that are now impossible—not in doing quite easily what is hard now."

"Oh, Tom, I never thought of that before! I am afraid I only wanted to get off easy. But you're quite right; and the giants in the story-books have no business fighting along with dwarfs, and yet taking praise and thanks for doing more work than they. Maybe the dwarf worked harder."

"Yes, Harry, some of them are very mean. But if I am your book you must read on. I can't be laid down too often to criticise, or I will 'shut up!'"

"I mean to be an enchanter also, for the sake of doing great things—good things; not to get ever so much credit. If I let every one throw praises at me for what comes as easy (by my spells) as to eat my dinner, I might as well take credit among little and sick folk for eating more than they could. No thanks to me when I have a man's appetite; and so, again, no thanks to me when I have an enchanter's spells. This is why one must learn to be a knight first, and then grow into the other two—the enchanter and the giant. For a knight is a man who does not think about himself, but about helping weak ladies, captives, people who can't deliver themselves from misfortunes. He does not want the praise, but the pleasure of helping them. He must be ready to face an army, or a

wizard, or a great conqueror, or a giant. That is, he must like hard work and dangerous work; so that when he grows into an enchanter, he will still match himself with harder things than before, instead of showing himself off, by doing the old things easily. This is the meaning, I must think, of going to look for adventures.

"Now, my dear boy, let us see how you and I can be knights at once, and do hard things without looking for praise, only for usefulness."

"Stop, stop, Tom! I can think for myself of quite a host of enemies against whom to set my lance at rest and charge. Do you know, I hate sums and algebra and all sorts of figuring, though I love my Latin and Greek? I will charge, like a knight, full speed upon these strong enemies, and put them to flight! But there is no lady to set free. Ah, dear! what shall I do for a lady?"

"Why, Harry, there is a very famous lady—one whom the heathen called a goddess—who seems like a prisoner at first to every one of us, pure, beautiful, fair and white as the moon, with clear blue eyes, wonderfully strong when she gets free, armed with a sharp spear and a shield that never can be broken, and once you loose her she never can be bound again, but her shield covers you, and her lance is terrible against your foes. Did you never hear of her?"

"Yes, Tom, she is Minerva, whom we English call Knowledge, and I believe I must fight for her after all. Then I am a little sarcastic when folk are stupid, or don't love to read. I suppose I must draw my sword, and fight this enemy too."

"Indeed you must, my dear boy. It's capital fun to be sarcastic and provoking; but while the young knight is enjoying himself with his brisk words, two ladies—not even one, but two of the loveliest in all the world—are pining in chains, calling on him to save them from death. Their names are Humility and Love. Their dress, when we see them first in prison, is grey and coarse, and their faces somewhat pinched and wanting colour. But even then their smile is beautiful, and their voices low and sweet like running streams and wind that just waves the branches. But send them free among men, to bless and receive blessings, and it is wonderful how they change. Humility, who is somewhat undersized, rises upon wings like a lark, and Love spreads broad pinions, under whose shadow men get coolness at noon; and their vesture changes from the likeness of sackcloth to that of finest linen, glistening, white like fleecy clouds about the moon; and their faces take the glow of blushroses. And whereas Knowledge goes before her champion with shield and spear, these hover over him with influences that are as gentle as the dew, and win love and trust for him from all who come under their happy shade."

"Stay just a moment, Tom, and tell me which of these three knocks coalheavers into the gutter."

"You naughty fellow! perhaps all three ladies

looked on and clapped their hands! Knowledge helped me to spar: Humility said, 'That little child is not below defending;' and Love made her and her tyrant both so interesting that I saved one and gave the other some severe but valuable schooling."

"Well said; I admit the lesson. A knight is not to be known by his horse and spurs, but by his being ready to fight hard in good causes and against bad things. Laziness, pride, selfishness,—dear me! how the giants muster up! I begin to think they will make short work of me, unless the long-winded book turn over to chapter two, and tell me something about enchantment."

"My dear brother, you ought to know all about that, and it is too solemn, perhaps, to make half a joke about. Remember, we settled that our strength is to be used against equal strength, not shown off against weakness. So, our enchantments must go against the enchanters; and if there are none such in the world, there are plenty in our hearts and souls. Spirits are all around us, perhaps always. Satan is watching us, and we are continually beset with snares and deceptions and delusions of his plotting. Those giants whom you have spoken of—Laziness and Pride and all the rest—he conjures them up against you; he renews their strength when they are thrust through, and he teaches them cunning ways of creeping on their victims unaware. But Balaam said long ago, 'Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel.' We, too, have spirits to call upon. We, too, have the one great and Divine Spirit, even God himself, to guard us constantly. And when I said that as yet I was little more than a knight, but hoped to be more of an enchanter by-and-by, what I meant was this, that if it please God I am going out among men who have forgotten these their helps, to call up great powers, who shall fight for them and save them from slavery if they like, and to fight openly against the foul spirits, Neglect, Selfishness, Slander, Dirt, Falsehood, Spite, Meanness, Ignorance, Dishonesty, Drink, and their captain, that greatest, strongest devil of all, Godlessness. Mere knighthood will never conquer these. Not strength of hand or heart, but attendant spirits, some of whom are called Faith, Love, Hope, while others are not our angels, but God's own, sent to us when we send these three to call for them. These are the spells which have so terrible a power over the unclean spirits, making even common men see how vile and low they are. And when I hear of great, good men winning splendid victories on God's battle-fields, where the hostile entrenchments are slums and alleys, public-houses, dancing-gardens, gambling-houses, race-courses, just as much as clever books of infidelity, or heresies, or heathenisms—I never call these conquerors brave knights, but wise and prudent enchanters. For I know they went down into the dust of battle, begirt with hosts of holy and strong ministering spirits."

"Well, then, Tom, you promised that I might be

a giant also and a fairy. What is the difference? What more can you give me beside this great help from heaven?"

"Nothing, Harry, to lean upon. You will never be gigantic enough to meet these evil spirits in your own strength. Still, it is pleasant to know that when we are fighting valiantly, we ourselves grow strong and great, and are even changed into the image of the great Captain before whom every foe trembles. But I was thinking of by-and-by, and of another place. When I spoke of a giant's power and a fairy's loveliness and grace, did you not think of any creatures who join both of these in one?"

"No, Tom."

"Remember, Harry, the Roman soldiers trembled when they saw one, and his raiment was like light, and he rolled away the ponderous stone from before the sepulchre: and others had power to smite whole cities blind, and to slay all the first-born of a great nation."

"But how can I know," said Harry, after a little pause, "that men will ever become such as they?"

"You cannot exactly know, but I am very nearly sure of it; for that angel who led John through heaven said, 'I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets.' And we are quite certain that we shall 'bear the image of the heavenly.'"

"Now what I want you to remember is this: we talk as if our world were very mean, and the life God gives us very monotonous. They are nothing of the kind. The real meanness would be in slaughtering creatures ever so much less than ourselves. The real monotony would be in having no work that was a match for us; coming out every morning like Goliath to bully the quaking pigmies of Israel; and crying in vain, 'Give me a man that I may fight with him.'"

G. A. C.

THE "QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 112.

18. Ahasuerus (Esther v. 3, 6). Herod (Mark vi. 22, 23).
19. "The Church in the wilderness" (Acts vii. 33).
20. Abner slain by Joab in Hebron. See 2 Sam. iii. 27.
21. They were both likely to be stoned. See Exod. xvii. 4; 1 Sam. xxx. 6.
22. Solomon and Jeremiah. "The furnace of iron" (1 Kings viii. 51; Jer. xi. 4).
23. (1) At the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt (Exod. xiv. 21). (2) By Elijah (2 Kings ii. 8).
- (3) By Elisha (2 Kings ii. 14).
24. Jeroboam (1 Kings xiv. 11); Baasha (1 Kings xvi. 4); Ahab (1 Kings xxi. 24).
25. In Gen. vii. 11; in 2 Kings vii. 2; in Mal. iii. 10.
26. Compare Gen. xxi. 13 with Gal. iii. 16.